

Sancho Domestically Abuses You

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Sancho Domestically Abuses You

by [AllAborde \(Bordementions\)](#)

Summary

It's what the title says

Notes

Yeah

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Chapter 1

The heavy velvet curtains did little to muffle the distant, discordant strains of La Manchaland's eternally looping carousel music, a saccharine melody that had long ago curdled into something grating against the silence of the late hour. Here, within the cold stone heart of the castle that served as both command center and cage, you could feel nothing but cloying anxiety. You shifted on the worn armchair, the leather groaning softly under your weight, watching Sancho pace before her desk, piled high with ledgers and park reports.

Her long, blonde hair, usually kept with meticulous, almost severe neatness, seemed to possess a frazzled life of its own tonight, strands crisscrossing to cling to her temples like errant thoughts. The grey Manager's uniform, usually immaculate, bore a faint, dark spatter near the cuff—ink or blood.

Her steps were quick and urgent, back and forth, back and forth, the red fur boa draped over her shoulder swaying like an angry tail. Her profile, illuminated by the harsh glow of the desk lamp, was all sharp angles and shadows, her normally impassive features drawn into a tight knot of pure frustration.

"The amount of visitors were getting is insufficient," she muttered, the words falling flat into the room, devoid of her usual monotone, carrying instead the anger you'd come to associate with these late nights. "We can't feed them all. Father's legacy requires constant, draining maintenance." She stopped, one hand clenching into a fist atop a stack of papers detailing problems around La Manchaland. "And the Family... they still hunger."

Her voice was low, a rasp of stone on stone, the echo of countless burdens carried on shoulders far too young, despite her Bloodfiend nature granting her centuries. You knew the signs. The slight tremor in her clenched fist, the way her gaze darted towards the barred windows overlooking the park, the sheer, crushing weight of responsibility on one single person.

Hesitantly, you rose from the chair. The silence stretched further, the only thing you could hear was the damnable music box tune outside and the scritch-scratch of Sancho's fingernail against the paper. "Sancho?" you began softly, taking a step towards the desk. "Perhaps... perhaps you should rest? Just for a little while. It won't solve anything tonight, staying up like this..."

Her head snapped towards you. The movement was unnervingly fast, viper-quick. Her crimson eyes, staring you . They weren't the eyes of the stoic yet responsible woman you had come to know; they were the weary, cynical eyes of Sancho, the Kindred who had seen too much, felt too much, and was buckling under the strain.

“Rest?” The word was brittle, sharp enough to cut. “While they starve? While this... farce crumbles around us? While the responsibility falls on me to manage the wreckage Father left behind in pursuit of that idiotic dream?!” Her voice rose in volume, thickened with a resentment so profound it seemed to vibrate in the air.

You took an involuntary step back, hands raising slightly in a placating gesture. “I didn’t mean... I just worry about you. You’re pushing yourself too hard.”

Sancho laughed. It wasn’t a real laugh; it was a sharp, ugly bark of sound, devoid of any warmth or humor. It was the sound of something cracking under pressure. “Worry?” She pushed off the desk, closing the distance between you in two swift, silent strides. You felt dwarfed, suddenly acutely aware again just how much physical power was held within her deceptively small frame. Yes you loved her, but this was a Bloodfiend, ancient and strong, barely containing an ocean of stress and inherited trauma. “You worry about me? What do you know of burdens, human?”

Her hand shot out. It wasn't a slap aimed to discipline or wound with precision. It was a casual, almost dismissive backhand, like swatting away an irritating fly. But the difference in strength was chasmic. The impact cracked across your face like a thunderclap, stars exploding behind your eyes. The sheer, indifferent force of it lifted you off your feet, sending you crashing backwards over the armchair you’d just vacated.

You landed in a heap on the floor, the hard wood jarring your bones, the room spinning violently. Pain bloomed hot and sharp across your cheekbone, radiating down your neck. Tears sprang unbidden, blurring the image of Sancho standing over you, her expression utterly unchanged. Still cold, still detached, perhaps even... bored?

“Do not presume to understand,” she stated flatly, smoothing down the front of her uniform jacket with meticulous care, as if brushing away lint, as if she hadn’t just sent you sprawling with contemptuous ease. Her gaze flickered over you, lying stunned and hurting on the floor, with no more concern than she’d afford a piece of dropped

parchment. “Your concerns are irrelevant. An inconvenience.”

The shock was as paralyzing as the pain. This had never happened before. Arguments, yes. Her cold moods, her stressed silences, certainly. But never this. Never the casual, brutal application of strength that she held over you. She hadn't even seemed angry, not truly. Just... overloaded. And you were simply the nearest, most convenient pressure valve.

She turned away, walking back towards the desk, the red boa settling around her shoulders. “Responsibility,” she murmured, picking up a ledger as if nothing had occurred, her voice once again sinking into that weary, burdened monotone. “This is my responsibility.”

You didn't say anything, you just sat and listened to the rustle of papers as Sancho leafed through them, utterly ignoring your huddled form on the floor. Your cheek pulsed with a fierce, blossoming ache, the imprint of her hand a blazing brand against your skin. Slowly, painfully, you pushed yourself up, limbs trembling, every muscle screaming in protest. The world still tilted slightly, the patterns on the rug seeming to swim before your blurred vision. You leaned against the now-overtaken armchair for support, tasting blood where your lip had split against your teeth.

Sancho didn't look up. Her focus remained laser-sharp on the columns of figures before her, as if the casual brutality of moments ago was less than an afterthought. Then, without turning, she spoke, her voice crisp and devoid of inflection. “Fetch me something strong. From the cabinet by the fireplace.”

For a heartbeat, you froze. Every instinct screamed at you to flee, to get out of this room, away from the terrifying unpredictability of her stress. But where would you go? You weren't much safer out in La Manchaland, even if they knew you belonged to her. And the look in her eyes moments ago... it promised worse if defied. Swallowing the metallic tang of blood and fear, you pushed away from the chair. Your legs felt like lead, each step flaring bruised muscles and nerves.

Your hands shook as you fumbled with the heavy doors of the drinks cabinet. The clinking of glass sounded obscenely loud in the tense quiet. You poured a generous measure of amber liquid—some harsh, imported liquor her Father had favored—into a heavy crystal tumbler, the scent alone enough to make your eyes water. Turning, you walked back towards the desk on unsteady feet, holding the glass out with a trembling hand.

Sancho finally looked up, her cold gaze sweeping over you dismissively before settling on the drink. She took the tumbler from your grasp, her fingers brushing yours. She didn't comment, merely raised the glass and drained half of it in one long swallow, her throat working. A faint flush crept up her neck, but her eyes remained unchanged—hard and distant.

She set the glass down on the desk with a sharp click. You stood there, uncertain, trapped between the urge to retreat and the fear of making any sudden move. Was it over? Had the alcohol helped?

Her eyes drifted back to you, lingering for a moment on the rapidly swelling bruise on your cheek. There was no pity there, no remorse. If anything, her expression tightened further, a flicker of annoyance crossing her features. “Still here?” she murmured, almost to herself. “I asked for a drink, not for an audience.”

And then she moved again. Faster than you could track, faster than seemed possible. This time it wasn't a backhand. Her fist clenched, and she struck you square in the stomach. The air exploded from your lungs in a burst, the world dissolving into a nauseating grey agony. You doubled over, gasping, clutching your middle, but before you could even fall, she hit you again. A hard, open-handed slap across the same side of your face she'd struck before, the impact sending a fresh wave of blinding pain and dizziness through you.

This time, she didn't stop. She didn't turn away. Blow after blow rained down—slaps, fists, striking your face, your arms, your shoulders as you tried instinctively, uselessly, to shield yourself. You stumbled backwards, tripping over your own feet, trying to create distance, but she stayed right with you, her movements unburdened by her actions. Each impact felt like being hit by solid rock, stealing your breath, jarring your teeth, reducing your attempts to block into flailing gestures. There were no words, just the sickening thud of her knuckles against skin and bone, your own choked gasps, the frantic pounding of your heart.

“Must I...” thwack “...deal with every... thud “...single... weakness...?” she bit out between strikes, her voice still level, as if discussing something rather than beating you senseless.

Your back hit the edge of the heavy desk, rattling the lamp and sending papers fluttering to the floor. Before you could react, her hands were on you, not striking now, but gripping. One hand tangled brutally in your hair, yanking your head back, exposing your throat.

The other clamped around your neck like a band of iron.

The strength was absolute. Effortlessly, she shoved you down, bending you backwards over the surface of the desk. Ledgers and reports dug painfully into your spine. Your breath hitched, cut off mid-gasp as her fingers tightened. Panic clawed its way up your chest. You scrambled at her wrist, your fingers weak and ineffective against her. It was like trying to pry open a steel trap.

Her face loomed above yours, upside down from your perspective. Her expression was intense now, focused, but still disturbingly detached. It wasn't the face of someone lost in rage; it was the face of someone methodically crushing an obstacle. "This responsibility..." she whispered, her voice a low hiss inches from your ear, the pressure increasing, squeezing the air, the life, from you. "It is mine to bear. Alone."

Black spots danced in your vision. Your lungs burned, desperate for air that wouldn't come. You could hear a faint roaring in your ears, drowning out the carousel music, drowning out everything but the feeling of her relentless grip and the hard wood beneath you. Your struggles grew weaker, frantic kicks against the desk legs achieving nothing. The world narrowed to the impassivity in Sancho's eyes and the crushing of her hand around your throat.

But just as the edges of your vision dissolved completely into static darkness, just as the roaring in your ears reached a deafening crescendo and the last vestiges of struggle left your limbs, the crushing pressure vanished.

Air flooded back into your tortured lungs in a single searing, ragged gasp. You collapsed forward off the desk, hitting the floor hard on your hands and knees, consumed by a violent, uncontrollable fit of coughing that wracked your entire body. Tears streamed down your face, mixing with the blood dripping from your lip and nose. Your throat felt raw, scraped, impossibly tight, each desperate breath a painful struggle. Black spots still swam dizzily before your eyes, the room tilting and swaying as if you were in a plane crash.

You stayed there, trembling, choking, trying to force air past the agonizing constriction in your throat, vaguely aware of the scattered papers around you, the overturned chair, the heavy scent of spilled alcohol mingling with your own blood.

A shadow fell over you. You flinched, instinctively trying to curl into a

protective ball, though you knew it was useless. There was a sharp, stinging impact against your side—not a full-force blow, but a contemptuous kick, like nudging aside refuse. It sent a fresh jolt of pain through your already battered body, drawing another choked cry from your raw throat.

Then Sancho's voice cut through the haze of pain and disorientation.

“Get out.”

You barely registered the words, still fighting for breath, still lost in the echoing terror of near-suffocation.

Her voice came again, louder this time, impatient. “Get. Out.” Then, without a pause: “And bring another drink.”

Chapter 2

Days bled into a nervous, exhausting pattern. You spent as much time as possible outside of the castle as you could, wandering the usually empty pathways of La Manchaland. The manufactured cheer of the place felt hollow and grotesque, but it was better than the tension that now permanently resided indoors when you were near her. You timed your returns carefully, waiting until the dead of night, long after the last straggling guest had been taken care of, long after even the most park's residents had went to sleep.

The strategy was simple: avoidance. Minimize contact, minimize risk. Hope that the monstrous stress gripping Sancho would find some other outlet, far away from you.

Tonight was no different. The moon hung high above the whimsical, distorted architecture of the park as you slipped through a seldom-used side gate of the castle grounds. Your footsteps echoed too loudly in the unnatural quiet, each crunch of gravel underfoot sounding like a gunshot. You moved through the shadowed courtyards and dimly lit corridors slowly, heart pounding a frantic rhythm against your ribs, every nerve on end. You kept expecting a sound, a flicker of movement, but the castle seemed completely asleep.

Just make it to your room. Just slide the bolt closed. That was the mantra repeating in your head. You rounded the final corner leading to the bedrooms, relief starting to bloom tentatively in your chest. Almost there.

But then you saw it. A sliver of harsh light spilling from beneath the door of Sancho's study—the room where it happened last time. And accompanying the light, the faint, unmistakable clink of glass against wood.

Your blood ran cold. No. She should be asleep. It was well past three in the morning. Dread settled deep into your stomach. Maybe she'd just forgotten the light? Maybe she was working late again, lost in her ledgers? You hesitated, one hand hovering near the wall, debating whether to risk walking past or retreat and find somewhere else to hide until her drunken stupor wore off.

Unfortunately the decision was made for you. The door creaked open, spilling more light into the corridor, silhouetting a figure standing unsteadily in the frame. Sancho.

Even from this distance the sharp scent of alcohol reached you, cutting through the dusty air of the hallway. Her usually immaculate uniform was disheveled, the jacket hanging open, the red boa askew. Her long hair hung completely loose, tangled around her shoulders. She leaned against the doorframe, one hand gripping it for support, the other loosely holding a nearly empty glass.

Her head lifted slowly, eyes finding you in the dim corridor light. They weren't just cold tonight; they were angry, narrowed, glittering with a volatile mixture of intoxication and frustration. The air crackled, the chance at a peaceful sleep you thought you had was completely destroyed.

"Well, well..." Her voice was low—rasped, in her throat, every syllable sharpened like a shard of glass. Not slurred, no—but heavy with a venom only solitude and spirits could make. "See what the wind dragged in from that rotting bedscape outside."

She pushed herself away from the doorframe, taking a step towards you. There was a slight sway to her movement, but it did nothing to diminish the palpable threat radiating from her. If anything, the lack of control made her seem even more dangerous. That kind of strength thrown around loosely could easily get you killed.

She raised her glass and the amber liquid within caught the dim corridor light like fire in a bottle. Her words struck hard, letting you know just how heavy was the weight of long-nursed abandonment. "You left me here, again. As always. To sit and rot in this mausoleum of delusions, while you cavort through the rubble of Father's crumbling vanity."

She took another step, closing the distance. The smell of alcohol was stronger now, straight off her breath. Her furious, intoxicated gaze pinned you in place, dredging up the remembered terror of her iron grip, the suffocating pressure, the casual, brutal force.

"Where have you been?" Her voice dropped, closer to a growl now. "Evading your duties? Hiding from me?" The accusation struck like a label straight over your heart. "Did you truly believe I wouldn't notice the silence of your absence?"

The words sat in the air between you, tempered by alcohol and simmering rage. Her eyes, narrowed and crimson, burned into yours, demanding an answer, an apology, perhaps simply a target for the free-floating resentment churning within her.

"Speak!" she hissed, stumbling closer, her silhouette leaning into yours like the shadow of a weapon. "Have you tired of playing penitent beneath my gaze? Was it simply too dull for you—watching me bleed for a Family that devours its own?"

Something inside you snapped. Maybe it was the exhaustion, the lingering terror from the last time, the sheer injustice of being hunted down and blamed after actively trying to disappear for her sake. Maybe it was just the primal urge to fight back when cornered. A spark of defiance, reckless and desperate, flared through the fear.

"It's not fair!" The words burst out, louder than you intended. "I was trying to stay out of your way! You... you scare me when you're like this!"

The moment the words left your mouth, you knew it was a mistake. The air solidified. Sancho's already furious expression froze, then twisted into something far uglier. The drunken haze in her eyes sharpened into a point of lethal focus. It wasn't the unsteady anger of a mere drunk; it was the fury of a predator whose prey had dared to bare its teeth.

"Scare you?" she hissed, the words laced with venom.

Her fist shot out with blurring speed. There was no time to react, no time to even flinch properly. Her knuckles connected solidly with the bridge of your nose. A sickening crunch echoed in the enclosed space, followed by an explosion of white-hot agony. Your head snapped back, stars bursting behind your eyes. Warm, thick liquid immediately gushed down your face, flooding your mouth with the taste of blood. The shock and the searing pain stole the breath from your lungs, silencing any further protest, any thought beyond the blinding hurt.

Tears streamed from your eyes, mixing with the blood. You staggered back, clutching your face, vision swimming. But Sancho wasn't finished. Before you could even try to regain your balance, her hand clamped onto the front of your shirt, twisting the fabric, her grip like steel.

With a guttural roar of drunken frustration—"Another burden, that is what you are!"—she yelled, tossing you past her. Your feet left the floor as she flung your body through the open doorway and into the chaotic confines of her study.

You crashed hard onto the floor inside, skidding several feet across the polished wood before slamming into the leg of a heavy armchair. The

impact knocked the remaining wind out of you, sending jolts of pain through your already abused body. Papers scattered around you, disturbed by your violent entry. You lay there in a daze, breathless, blood pouring from your nose, the room spinning.

The heavy oak door slammed shut behind you with a deafening boom, plunging the corridor back into darkness and sealing you inside the room with the enraged, intoxicated Bloodfiend.

You barely had time to register the slam of the door before chaos erupted anew. With a furious snarl, Sancho hurled the heavy glass cup she'd retrieved. It flew past your head, missing by inches, and shattered against the stone wall behind you with a sickeningly loud crash. Shards of glass rained down, skittering across the floorboards, a few sharp fragments peppering your clothes.

Her hand trembled, though the fury did not. She hurled the next word like a curse: "Useless!" Bitterness frothed at her lips. "Another cracked fragment in haunting nightmare... Can not a single thing in this wretched hell exist without my interference?!"

Before you could even process the near miss, she was upon you. Her hands seized your arms, fingers digging into your flesh with bruising force, and hauled you unceremoniously to your feet. You stumbled, head swimming, vision blurred by pain and tears in your eyes, the blood from your nose still flowing freely down your chin and onto your shirt.

"Look at you," she sneered, voice thick with scorn, her grip tightening like a vice as she gave you a sharp shake. "Pitiful creature. Is there naught you can carry upon your own back? Must I cradle every trembling failure that stumbles across my path?!"

Her gaze flicked, feral and bloodshot, toward the half-empty bottle perched amongst the disarray of pages. There, in that bleary stare, something cruel sparked to life. "You believe yourself burdened?" she hissed, snatching the bottle. "That you, in your cowardice, have suffered?" The cork popped free with a practiced twist. The scent of raw spirit coiled through the air like smoke.

"No," she whispered, bringing the bottle close to your lips. "You understand nothing. You skulk through this dream of ruin, consuming what you did not earn, offering naught but your feeble worry, your trembling apologies." Every word was spoken in hatred. "Allow me to share what does ease the weight... what dulls the gnawing hunger of

watching everything decay."

Before you could turn your head, before you could even plead, she jammed the neck of the bottle against your lips, tilting it sharply upwards. Raw, burning liquor flooded your mouth, harsh and stabbing. You gagged instinctively, trying to twist away, to spit out the vile liquid burning your tongue and throat.

"Oh no you don't!" Sancho—her voice cracking with rage—lashed out, her palm striking your cheek with a sound that echoed in the still air like a bell of judgment. Your head snapped to the side, fresh pain blooming over bruises not yet faded. Alcohol splattering all over you.

Tears streamed down your face as you choked, the alcohol burning a fiery path down your esophagus. You tried again, sputtering, trying to push the bottle away with weak, trembling hands.

SMACK! A second blow, harder. "Drink!" she commanded, forcing the bottle against your lips with renewed effort. "Swallow! Choke it down and taste what I endure—what I endure—while you cower and clutch your excuses like a rosary!"

Her voice rose again, riding the edge of hysteria. "We thirst! We ache in silence! You bare none of this weight! While I am left piecing together the bones of this Family with bloodied hands and a smile that fools no one!"

"You will take what I give you!" she raged, hitting you again as you coughed violently, the alcohol searing your lungs. "You will understand responsibility! You will understand consequence! Swallow it!"

Blow after blow landed, sharp and punishing, until resistance felt not just futile, but impossible. Sobbing, choking, burning from the inside out, you drank down the liquor, the room tilting violently, the furious, distorted face of Sancho looming over you, eclipsing everything else in a haze of pain and terror. You could only swallow, again and again, until the bottle was finally pulled away, leaving you gasping and retching as you tried to stay standing.

The forced alcohol churned violently in your stomach, mixing with the bile of fear and pain. Your body convulsed, and you retched forwards, spewing the foul mixture onto the study floor near the scattered shards of glass. The burning sensation in your throat was nothing compared to the wave of dizziness and nausea that washed over you as you knelt there shaking.

Sancho recoiled with a sound of utter disgust. "Filthy," she spat, her voice dripping with contempt. "Disgusting and weak, you complain and lament, yet you won't accept what is so graciously given."

Before you could even attempt to respond or move, her booted foot lashed out, connecting with brutal force against your ribs. A sickening crack echoed in the room, followed by an explosion of agony that stole the air from your lungs far more effectively than the earlier choking. You cried out, collapsing sideways, instinctively curling around your side where the pain radiated in sharp, stabbing waves. As breathing became a shallow, excruciating effort.

But Sancho showed no mercy. She grabbed you by the hair, yanking your head back with ruthless strength, dragging you across the floor despite the blinding pain shooting through your side. "Enough of this pathetic display," she snarled, hauling you back towards the massive desk. With another violent shove, she slammed you face-down against its cluttered surface, bending you over it at the waist. Papers crumpled beneath you, and the edge of the wood dug sharply into your stomach, just below your shattered ribs. You were pinned, helpless, agony radiating from your side and face, the world a dizzying blur of pain.

You felt her move behind you, pressing her body close. The heat radiating from her, combined with the stench of alcohol, was nauseating. Then you felt her clothed groin press against your ass, grinding down rhythmically.

She leaned in close, her lips brushing the shell of your ear, her breath hot. "So fragile..." she purred mockingly. "So delightfully easy to break." She inhaled deeply. "I smell it... your fear. It clings to you like perfume. It suits you."

Then—pressure. A needle-prick against your neck. Her fangs. She didn't bite, but she was dangerously close to breaking the skin. Just enough to remind you that she could.

"I could end you here," she murmured, terrifyingly calm. "Drain you dry. Leave behind nothing but a hollowed husk, another silent casualty of La Manchaland's failure." Her tone dropped lower still, a wicked softness that promised an excruciatingly painful death. "No questions would follow. No mourning. Another corpse to be dumped with the rest."

A choked sob escaped you. "N-no..." you managed, the word barely audible. "Please... Sancho..."

Her response was a low, cruel chuckle against your skin. "Please?" she mocked. Then, ignoring your plea entirely, her hands started moving. One clamped down hard on your hip, holding you firmly pinned against the desk, while the other began to grope you roughly over your clothes—sliding up your back, squeezing your sides near your injured ribs, pinching cruelly. Simultaneously, she intensified the grinding motion against your rear, humping against you with a bruising motion that spoke only of the hatred she was feeling.

"You persist because I permit it. Your breath, your limbs, your trembling form," she hissed into your ear, her voice tight with drunken malice as her hand slid down to squeeze your thigh. "all mine to direct or discard as I see fit. One more fragile item in a ledger already bursting with losses." Her hand fumbled between your legs, groping insistently, while her hips continued their degrading assault against you. "Does it frighten you? It should. Fear is the only currency you offer, and I am owed far more than you can afford."

Still grinding against you, Sancho's eyes scanned the floor near the desk, settling on a particularly large, jagged shard of the broken glass. With her right hand still clamped painfully on your hip, her left reached down and plucked the shard from the floor, its sharp edges clearly visible harsh desk lamplight.

"Better than the alternative," she chuckled slightly, pressing its gleaming edge against your throat—not far from where her fangs had lingered.

"Still," she commanded.

With a quick, slashing motion, she drew the glass across your skin. The pain was immediate, a white-hot line. Blood welled instantly, warm, trickling down your neck and onto the collar of your shirt, soaking into the fabric. A small whimper escaped you, muffled by the desk beneath your cheek.

Ignoring your distress, Sancho lowered her head, her lips finding the weeping cut. You felt the hot breath against your skin, then the wet, lapping motion of her tongue as she began to drink the blood directly from the wound.

"See?" she whispered between long, languid laps. "I can show restraint, when it pleases me." A bitter chuckle followed. "Be grateful. Were I using my fangs, you'd be far less intact. This..." Her tongue dragged again across your skin. "This is gentler."

When she'd had her fill for the moment, she lifted her head slightly, blood smearing her lips, but kept her body pressed firmly against yours, resuming the rough humping against your backside. Then as her left hand came up to your face, forcing your chin up slightly. Before you could react, she jammed two fingers deep into your mouth, pressing your tongue down, eliciting a choked gag reflex.

"Yet these noises I draw from you." she taunted, her voice muffled slightly by her proximity. Simultaneously, her right hand snaked around your torso, fumbling beneath your shirt, fingers closing around one of your breasts, squeezing and kneading with bruising force. "Was this what you desired all along? So easily stirred when the leash is pulled taut."

The combination of stimuli—the agonizing pain in your ribs, the stinging cut on your neck, the degrading pressure of her grinding hips, the violating intrusion of her fingers in your mouth, the rough handling of your breast—pushed your body beyond its limits. Overwhelmed, overloaded, a convulsive shudder wracked your frame. A strangled cry tore from your throat, muffled around her fingers, as an unwanted, humiliating climax seized you—a purely physical reaction born of agony, terror, and nerve endings screaming under duress. It brought no pleasure, only shame, tears streaming down your face as your body betrayed you.

Sancho seemed to barely register it, or perhaps took it as encouragement. She continued her relentless actions without pause—fingers working in your mouth, hand roughly mauling your breast, hips pumping against you with increasing fervor. Her breathing grew harsher. Her grip tightened, fingers digging deeper, until finally, her own climax arrived in a series of harsh, grinding thrusts against you, accompanied by a low, guttural groan torn from deep in her chest.

The moment it was over, she pulled away abruptly, leaving you gasping, choking, and trembling uncontrollably, still bent over the desk. You heard her take a single breath, perhaps wiping her mouth on her sleeve. She looked down at your collapsed form, her expression settling back into cold, drunken contempt.

"Have this mess cleared by morning," she intoned, her voice dull—not angry, not even cruel, merely exhausted. "The shards. The blood. The stench of your failure. I want no trace of it left by sunrise. Or I promise you, it will only invite worse."

Without another word, she turned and walked out of the study,

leaving you alone in the wreckage. You heard her unsteady footsteps echo down the corridor, but they didn't retreat towards her own quarters. Instead, they headed directly towards your bedroom door because it was closer. A moment later, the distinct, final sound of a key turning in a lock clicked through the heavy silence of the castle.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Okay idk what I'm really doing with this any more, kind of a continuation kinda not, just wanted to write it

Don't look too much into it just enjoy abusive sancho thanks

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

It hurts.

Everything hurts.

To bear pain, to bear your own or to bear another's. Which should hurt more?

You wake to an awful, irritating noise, one you don't even immediately recognize as your own voice. Like something between a wheeze and a sob, half-drowned in your drowsiness. Soon followed by a jagged cough that tears through your throat, and stabbing pain through your chest like a knife twisting deeper with every breath. It hurts.

But that's okay. It's easier if you keep it to yourself.

You look down to the thoroughly packed bandage around your torso —your own crude handiwork, wrapped in desperation, far tighter than you meant to. The fabric digs into your skin like wire, slick where it's grown damp with blood, diluted by whatever other bodily fluids you're currently covered in at the moment. You feel every contour of it shifting as you push yourself up on your good arm.

The cot underneath you creaks, uneven where one leg gave out long before you had ever found it. It's not really a bed. It's a slab of something too soft to be stone and too firm to be comfortable, squeezed between boxes of old props and failed sewing projects. This wasn't really ever meant to be a room. Just a storage space that

happened to have four walls and a leaking ceiling that weeps slow, glistening trails of red. Veins pulse faintly through it like sluggish capillaries.

Your side screams louder as you force yourself to sit up all the way—cracked ribs grinding under the tautness of the bandages, each breath making it feel like your bones are knitting together wrong. You hiss through your teeth, low and sharp, and try to brace yourself with your left hand.

Pain, it hurts. It hurts just like pain does, with so much more. It's that feeling you can't describe, but you know it's there. Heavy, sickly numbness—the kind that means something's broken, something's healed wrong and is going to stay that way. It's going to stay that way for a long, long time.

You bring your hand up to smooth over your face. The bridge of your nose feels like a crooked fault line. You had tried to set it yourself, under flickering light and with a trembling hand, using the reflection in a polished plate. You didn't do a good job. It hurts.

You trace higher up higher still, seeing what else is wrong. One eye is swollen nearly shut, the skin around it bruised into colors that shouldn't be on a human face. Not completely blind, but it's an aching pressure behind a curtain of swelling. You don't bother checking it in the mirror anymore, you didn't really want to see something like that. Again. So you did your best to wrap it up neatly in bandages so it wouldn't be as revolting. Neater than you did with everything else. It still hurts.

Every movement feels like threading yourself through a hundred dull needles. Nerve endings flicker and sting beneath the skin. Still, you force yourself to move. You have to. There's too much to clean. Too much to fix. Too much that no one else will dare to touch.

Your fingers fumble over the buttons of your shirt, joints stiff, trembling with every twitch. You flinch as you tug fabric across your side, where the bandage sticks to a half-sealed wound like an angry mouth gaping beneath gauze. You'll fix it later when you have time. You just keep dressing. There's no point in doing it right now, wait till she's gone first so the new wrappings won't get ruined.

Your right hand's wrapped in stiff cloth, soaked through from an earlier accident. The knuckles beneath are purple and yellow, swollen past recognition. You remember the moment they split open against

the frame of a door, or maybe a wall. It hurts a lot, so you try to keep your fist as loose as possible.

You don't wear shoes anymore either. The floors in the castle are soft you've come to learn, warmer than they should be. Like flesh under stone. You just put one foot in front of the other. The stone gives just slightly under your weight, as if humoring you.

Left. Right. Left. Right.

You make your way one step at a time towards the door and only manage to rise to your full height after bracing both hands against the wall. Pressing your palms flat against the pulsating warmth of it for a moment longer, letting it warm against your cheek. The wall feels almost feverish beneath your skin—alive. Warmer than you.

The castle is quiet this early in the morning. So quiet, so intolerably alone in a house so vast it can encompass you in your entire being. It's the kind of silence that feels intentional, hollowed by absence rather than full of peace or serenity. You hear nothing from the other rooms. No footsteps. No voices. No laughter. Silence. But, the world beyond is constantly stirring too.

Through the faint pulse in your ears, you hear it: the distant hum of machinery. The park itself is just as awake as you are, just as alive. Mechanical groans rattle as things are set in their constant motion. Chimes echo faintly, warped through distance and stone walls—bright, mockingly cheerful notes that announce to those who visit, that today is another day, a day to spend in warmth and pleasantries, in a place where dreams come to life right in front of your eyes.

And you stand there, trembling, as you look out the window at that beautiful scenery. That grand park that captivated you oh so long ago. She who captivates your very being, she who loves you, she who holds you, she who hates you, she who hurts you.

It can hurt later.

The main hall is the first leg of your trek, and it looks like the aftermath of a siege.

The door groans on its hinges as you push it open, revealing the horrible wreckage beyond. Light from the high stained-glass windows—deep blood red—filters down in smooth, dull rays. It illuminates splinters and debris at loose angles, casting shadows that make the carnage seem serene. Dust motes, floating silently along in the

moonlight with no where to go. Nearly traceless to sight or sound.

The long communal dining table, once the proud centerpiece of the hall where the Family would meet together, lies broken on it's back and half-crushed where it slammed into the stairwell's lower banister. Its thick wooden spine snapped in two places, jagged edges jutting up like bones poking through skin. One end is still propped against the railing, awkwardly skewed, as though it had been lifted and thrown by someone.

Chairs are everywhere. Or what's left of them. Some are twisted into shapes no carpenter would claim. Others lie in splintered piles stacked against the corners like corpses after a massacre. Their legs jut up at angles that mimic a grotesque imitation of limbs, and here and there, stuffing from upholstery spills out like pale intestines. You catch sight of one seat still intact—though soaked in dark liquor, its fabric stained and sagging. A lonely survivor amid the carnage.

Glass crunches faintly beneath your steps, even as you try to walk soundlessly. Shards glitter across the wine-colored carpet like spilled ice, the remnants of ornate decanters or goblets hurled in one of her episodes. Some still glisten with wetness, the smell of sour alcohol hanging thick in the air. Brandy, maybe. Or wine. Or whatever she had been drowning herself in last night when her anger had boiled over.

You shuffle forward slowly, carefully. One foot, then the other. You know where to step and how to place your weight to avoid the glass—the small cuts hardly bleed as long as before. You crouch down, every rib flaring in agony, but you've done this enough that the pain barely phases you. You've learned how to endure it in silence. Learned how not to make a sound. Pain is safer when it's quiet. Pain doesn't provoke. Which is why it hurts, which is why it will continue to hurt.

Your hand trembles as you gather porcelain fragments from a shattered dining set—a teacup once used during formal banquets, its dainty design now a mockery in pieces. You slide them into a dustpan with meticulous care, trying to avoid the edges, which are so sharp they practically shimmer. The handle of the dustpan is sticky.

Picking up the easy stuff you make your way through, glass shards, furniture legs, whatever not. Until you reach the door to her study across the room.

The study is worse you think, not entirely sure. Why measure a

calamity against a tragedy?

The moment you open the door, the smell is what hits you first—a heady, chemical bite to your senses. Spilled liquor has soaked into the carpet and the wood and the bindings of books, turning the once-serene air of the room into a stale, suffocating haze. Her favorite bottle lies on its side near the far corner, completely empty. A lacquered wooden tray is embedded into the wall at chest height, splintered to ruin. It was thrown with enough force to dent the stone beneath. It's likely that you were standing there at some point last night.

This room used to be her sanctuary. She'd sit here for hours in silence, poring over ledgers, velvet-bound record books, maps of the park's many arteries. It was the only place in the castle that bore some resemblance to calm. Now it's a ruin.

The desk—heavy, claw-footed, likely fancy enough to be a family heirloom in some other less fortunate house—has been flipped completely onto its side. One of the legs is cracked inward, half-hanging by a splinter. A drawer is jammed halfway open, its contents spilled across the floor: ink bottles, quills, loose pages now trampled and torn. A few of the pages are damp, the ink bled into illegibility by whatever she poured over them.

Books are scattered everywhere. Not merely fallen, but torn apart—spines snapped, covers wrenched free from glue and stitching. Some pages have been shredded by hand, others clearly pierced by some hardblood construct that is no longer here. One ledger's been stomped into the carpet so many times it's warped into a jagged, illegible mess. Several maps lie beneath overturned furniture, crumpled and soaked through. The liquor she spilled has dried into the fibers, giving the entire room a mottled, reeking appearance. A once-ordered mind turned inside out.

Your gaze drifts to the far wall. There's an imprint there. It's faint, but you recognize the shape of it—the vague, human outline, the cracked indentations where something—or someone—hit hard enough to fracture the stone. It's not the first time you've seen a mark like that in this castle. You know what kind of strength it takes to leave one.

In the middle of the mess, a single chair stands upright. A solitary piece untouched in the chaos, almost reverent. Draped over it is her coat. The dark, high-collared jacket lined in gold trim and velvet black, one side slightly damp from a spill but otherwise immaculate.

Somehow, it's the most unsettling thing in the room—how she left it there so casually, like she hadn't just destroyed everything around it.

You approach the chair on aching feet, reaching out without hesitation. Your fingers find the coat. It's warm, like her, despite being left alone to linger and stagnate in this closed off room. Lifting it up you hold it in front of you. it smells like her too.

You press the fabric to your face. Shamelessly. Desperately. Drinking it, wiping it across your features, pressing it into your skin. You hold it tightly, closely, not enough to tarnish it or bunch the fabric, but enough to feel, to remember. You want to remember, forever and ever, and ever after that.

It smells like Sancho, it feels like her. The one that used to hold you when the nights got too long and the castle felt too big and cold. The one who whispered through clenched teeth how she hated the silence, how she hated feeling like the only sane one left in a madhouse of dreams. How it chipped away at her everyday to give up on that dream for the sake of others. That she had done something unforgivable in the face of an impossible decision, that she did it because she was the only one who could bring herself to.

She confided in you, so you did the same.

But that Sancho isn't here right now.

You gather the papers first.

Carefully. Reverently. As if mishandling them might cause them to combust in your hands—or worse, earn her ire all over again.

You kneel slowly, joints stiff and ribs shrieking protest with every motion, and begin picking through the scattered sheets like you're salvaging holy scripture from a fire. Your fingers shake—not from the pain this time, but from the memory of her voice, slurred and venomous, shouting about how disorganized everything had become. About how it was your fault she couldn't find what she needed.

A roster, first—detailing the month's blood acquisition. It's worse than last month. You can't help but glance over the numbers as you straighten the page. The total is circled twice, the ink pressed down so

hard it's bled through the back. Someone's handwriting—hers, sharp and angry—has scrawled over it in dissatisfaction.

Next, a request form. One of the area attendants asking—pleading—for maintenance on a damaged fixture in the Hall of Mirrors. You remember her tossing this one aside. “Let it rot,” she'd muttered, “We need not provide such convenience to humans who will be drained of their blood before they can voice their concerns.” But even then, you'd seen the way her eye twitched. The guilt of ignorance for a cause that she shares.

The third sheet makes you pause.

A budget ledger. Velvet-bound and curled now from whatever she spilled on it during the outburst. It's warped and tacky, the pages sticking to each other at the corners. . When you crack it open, it sticks. And there—on the edge of the page—is a crimson smear. A fingerprint, still faintly outlined. You press the page flat with the sleeve of your shirt, careful not to smudge it further.

You stack them all gently—one by one, aligning each page so their corners sit perfectly flush. She always notices if they're crooked. Always.

You set them on the desk exactly how she prefers—angled slightly left, never centered. A specific positioning you'd once teased her about, back when teasing didn't get you thrown across the room. The quill comes next. Diagonal, tip facing away. You hesitate a moment before placing it, uncertain if it's too far left. You correct it three times before you're satisfied. She has to see it's right.

You move to the broken glass next. Clear and crimson crystal—what's left of the bottle she shattered against the wall. You'd told her the issues amongst the Family was causing unrest. You'd said it gently. Cautiously. But there's no “right” way to say those things anymore.

The broom whispers across the floor in soft arcs. You gather the shards like bones, each one gleaming even in the dim morning light. They catch the rays filtering through the cracked blinds, throwing little knives of light across the ruined carpet. One large shard still has the curve of the lip intact. You stare at it for a second too long, then sweep it into the pan.

You wipe down a shelf next—one she'd struck down during her rampage, probably by accident. There's a smear of something along the edge. Dust, blood, maybe vomit. You don't stop to check. The rag

comes away red anyway.

A picture frame.

Shattered on the floor, hidden half beneath a heap of scattered maps. You crouch down to pick it up, gently easing the photo from its cracked casing.

The glass is broken. The print is bent down the middle, stained faintly. But the image is still clear enough. A man—tall, pale, hair white as ash and eyes that you somehow remember without ever having seen them in person. He stands beside Sancho, appearing no different from the expression that you see now, even then, is unreadable. Tired. Closed off.

But her hand is clutching the man's sleeve.

Gripping it so tightly that the fabric wrinkles around her fingers. Like she was afraid he'd float away if she let go.

You stare at it, your throat tight. You don't know what makes you sadder—the look in her eyes back then, or that even something like this was not subject to mercy from her outbursts.

You run your thumb over the edge of the photo. The cut catches your skin, and a thin bead of blood wells up. You wipe it away before it can drip on the picture, and gently place it on the desk—just beneath the ledger. Like maybe she'll notice it again. Like maybe she'll remember that once, she held on.

The rest of the room comes next.

You move slowly, deliberately. Shelves are dusted. Papers are reordered. Loose books are restacked, their pages carefully smoothed and realigned despite the fact that most are ruined. You tuck in every chair. You straighten every pen. You even realign the curtain tassels.

Everything at a right angle.

Everything as it was.

Because it helps. It gives you something to do. Something to focus on besides the pain, or the memory of how her voice cracked when she screamed at you last night. Or the sting in your ear where she struck you, not hard enough to deafen, but hard enough to leave a ring that still hasn't gone away.

Maybe if she sees it all put back...

Maybe she won't get angry again.

Or not as much.

Or not for as long.

You tell yourself that as you smooth the last wrinkle from the desk blotter. You stand there a while, hands folded at your sides, as if waiting for a grade you already know you won't pass.

I t h u r t s.

The rest of the morning slips by in silence as you busy yourself. You clean. You arrange. You straighten what's been splintered, re-stack what's been torn down. The sound of movement is muted—chairs sliding softly, the hush of a rag dragged in slow, deliberate circles over blood-dappled carpet. Waiting for the inevitable meeting that will come to pass.

A door opens. The slow, groaning swing of old hinges somewhere behind you as it creaks closed.

Bootsteps follow. Slow, rhythm uneven. The clink of buckles fastened poorly. The drag of half-buckled pants brushing fabric. You don't look. You keep your focus on the rag in your hand, blotting at a stain that's already been rubbed to the threads.

You can hear her breathing.

There's a catch in it—dry, short. A hangover likely pressing against her skull like a vice. You know the pattern well by now. You know the way it makes her quiet. Not weak. Just heavier in the room, no different from any other time that you encounter her. That glaring irritation and strained, bloodshot eyes likely to be on you already.

She steps further into the room. Light from the stained glass catches her at an angle, cutting red over one cheekbone, gold through her hair. Her eyes are slow to settle on you. Red, ringed with exhaustion. Her posture is tense—not battle-ready, but raw. Tired in a way that never gets sleep. Her hand rests lightly against the side of her head,

fingers pressed to her temple like she's trying to keep it from fracturing down the middle.

When she finally speaks, it's without edge. Just even. Flat, sparing as much effort as she possibly can.

"...You've been busy."

You nod once. "I've been cleaning."

Her eyes scan over everything within sight. The rugs aligned again. The broken banister gone. The traces of last night reduced to faint discoloration and misaligned joints. You can see her register each change like an item on a list. Her gaze lands on the nearest chair—upright again, legs splinted with careful glue.

"It looks presentable." Her tone carries no real praise. But no scorn, either. Just a quiet note of observation.

You return to your task without speaking. The edge of the rag catches on a sliver of glass, one you missed before. You pick it out with your nails and drop it in the dustpan quickly as if it had just burned you.

She steps closer still, slower for some reason, as if she's the one who is scared.

Her shadow cuts across the floor next to you, cast long by the fractured light behind her. Her eyes land on the bandages. The ones over your ribs. Across your cheek. The way your shirt sticks damp to your side where you've started bleeding through from prolonged movement since this morning.

"...You shouldn't be moving like that."

You keep your eyes down. "I'm fine."

"You're not." Her voice doesn't rise. It doesn't scold. "Your eye's still swollen shut."

You nod again. "It's getting better."

A pause.

She shifts slightly—enough to glance at the rag in your hand, now soaked pink, and the dustpan filled with broken bits of porcelain and red crystal.

"The desk," she murmurs. "You straightened it?"

"Yes."

"The ledgers?"

"They're sorted. Budget's dry. I'll re-copy it."

She nods once. Her eyes move again—slow, methodical. You feel her watching the way you favor your left side. How you kneel with too much care, your back hunched to guard your ribs.

She says nothing for a while, before walking past you to the chair behind the desk. She picks it up by one of the shoulders and calmly sticks one arm into a sleeve, draping it across her back before putting on the other one. She takes a moment to smooth it out and adjust the smaller designs, the beginnings of the red feathered boa starting to sprout out of her left shoulder. You turn your gaze slightly to see it, the way the blood knits itself together from the fabric underneath, falling gently from its own weight until it eventually curls behind her legs above the floor.

Another silence. Not an uncomfortable one—just long. Unhurried. Weighted with things that don't need to be said.

She stays there, standing near the edge of the desk, hand still resting on her temple, the morning light crawling across her boots. She doesn't look angry.

"Are you positive that you are alright?"

You don't answer.

You don't want to.

Your throat is tight, burdened from the sobbing that wracked through it last night, helpless and ugly and echoing against stone walls that refused to give back any comfort. The sound of your own grief felt humiliating even as it left you. Not a soul to share it with, not a body to hug, not even your own bed to soothe your aching limbs.

Now, in the thin hush of morning, all that's left is silence.

You nod once. Low. Controlled. A motion so practiced it barely counts as a response. Your head remains bowed, shoulders squared in a way that disguises how tightly they're drawn together. You focus on the

movement of your hands, cleaning for the sake of cleaning. Anything to stay occupied. Anything to stay small.

You wipe down the edge of a table leg with the corner of your sleeve. Behind you, her footsteps begin again. Measured. Unhurried. The sound of leather against marble. Click—pause. Click—pause. Every step a decision, whether to continue forward or remain where she stand.

She's hungover. Not just physically—though that much is obvious in the way she cradles her temple with one hand—but mentally. The kind of raw, brittle aftermath that comes from waking up and realizing what you've done. Again.

You feel her gaze, she's staring hard—dragging heavy along the back of your neck, your shoulder, the discolored patches of skin peeking through gaps in your shirt. The purple blooming around your ribs. The swelling. The bandages slipping loose.

Then, quieter—softer, almost, but unsteady:

“I suppose... it is fortunate that you're not so frail as to perish from a few broken bones.”

A pause.

“Else I would've had to explain such an unfortunate incident to the Family.”

You say nothing. Your fingers grip the cloth tighter. You blot at a smear that isn't even there. The weight in your chest starts to press again, slow and nauseating.

Behind you, the footsteps continue. Closer. Ever creeping, placting, gentle.

Her presence always feels bigger than her body—small in stature, but oppressive in weight. She carries command like heat: unseen but inescapable. You can feel her in the room like an incoming tide, crashing softly, silently, just behind you.

You hear the subtle shift of fabric as she stops within arm's reach. Her uniform isn't properly adjusted—the lapel of her coat is turned inward, the sash twisted at her waist, the red boa drooping like a wounded bird down her arm.

Her hand twitches once. Then again.

She's trying.

Not well. Not clearly. But she's trying. Her fingers hover near your shoulder, uncertain. There's hesitation in her posture—shoulders not drawn up in their usual rigidity, but curved slightly forward. Her expression is strained. Guarded, but not impenetrable. Her mouth opens slightly, like she might say something else. Something that matters.

It hurts.

You flinch away, the moment she makes contact with you.

It's barely anything. Just a twitch. A single motion—shoulder stiffening, a breath sucked in through your teeth as your spine braces instinctively against what you assume is coming. You didn't mean to do it, a completely involuntary action that you hadn't even thought of, but you do.

Her hand freezes dead stuck mid-air, not even daring to chase after that fleeting touch that she had just put so much into. The change on her face is instant. Whatever glimmer of softness was beginning to form behind her eyes snuffs out like a candle caught in the roaring wind. Her face hardens, expression draining into something freezing cold. Her fingers curl into a slow fist. Not raised—just... withdrawn, right back to her side.

She stares at you. Stares at you from so high above you'd think there was a monolithic chasm between you. So far below her that your existence is not even worth considering.

“...I see,” she says at last, voice low and sharp. “Even now, after all this time...you tremble like a beaten dog.”

The way she's glaring at you, why does it hurt more than anything else? You didn't mean to, you know it, she knows it. Why does it hurt?

“...You presume too much,” she says, her voice low—too low—and quivering with a fury that is no longer rising but rolling, thick and slow like oil over a fire. “Do not mistake your role here.”

Her footsteps resume behind you. Slow. Deliberate. No longer hesitant.

“I am no monster that strikes without cause.”

There’s venom in the way she says it—not shouted, snarled out at you like she wanted you to feel every single grating sound, like every syllable must be driven into you with intent. You feel it even as your back is turned, her anger like a hand wrapping slowly around your throat.

You open your mouth, just slightly. You try to speak, to offer something. I didn’t mean to. I wasn’t avoiding you. I just—

But the words don’t come. They catch in your throat.

And you don’t turn around.

You can’t.

You can’t bring yourself to look at her.

But she doesn’t walk away.

You hear her stop—so close behind you now that her breath rakes softly across the nape of your neck. You can hear her inhale through her nose, sharp and short, like she’s just barely restraining the wish to lay into you with a verbal assault.

Her hand seizes your arm hard, yanking you towards her.

You inhale sharply, more from reflex than pain—but even that is a mistake. Her fingers settle like she’s done this a hundred times—right above the bruise on your forearm, where the skin beneath the bandage is still raw. The grip isn’t cruel. Not yet. But it’s aware. She knows exactly where to touch to remind you how easily she could make it hurt.

She pulls again, harder, just enough force to turn you halfway toward her. Enough to strip you of the distance you’d tried so delicately to maintain.

Your head stays low. Eyes fixed on her boots. Gleaming. Polished to sharpness. You track the flecks of red on the heel like you might divine mercy from the shape of a stain.

“Look at me.”

Your breath stills as you clench your eyes shut, as much as you want to, to relieve her of that pain that so clearly caresses her voice. You

can't, not like this. Not because of her tone—not exactly—but from what it makes your body remember. The tension sings down your spine like a struck wire. You brace reflexively as her tone rises, pleading silently to yourself for her to just walk away, for some unseen angel to make it all go away.

Her voice dips.

“...I said look at me.”

She's not asking anymore.

You try. You do. Your head twitches, your gaze trembling upward for just a breath—but then the memory snaps down like a trap. The last time she stood this close. The wall. Her hand. The flash of her crimson eyes as they glowed like hot coals. The sound your body made when it struck the floor. It hurts what she did to you, it hurts when she calls your name, it hurts when you look at her, it hurts when she touches you.

Your vision dips further, shame and fear congealing behind your eyes. Are you hurting her too? You wonder that. Her hand tightens. Not enough to break, but enough to warn. You can tell that this anger is different, she's not drunk this time. Perfectly aware of what she's doing and what could happen.

It's not a roar—not some monstrous howl—but a low, guttural sound from the back of her throat. Disgust. Not just at you. At herself. At the moment. At everything. You instinctively shift back a step, your leg dragging along the stone floor but she follows every single one just as closely, giving you not an inch of breathing room.

"You will look at me."

Her other hand comes up fast. She grabs your collar, fingers knotting in the fabric, and pushes. Not hard, but firm enough to knock you off-balance. Your shoulder hits the wall. Then your back. Cold seeps through your shirt where it meets wood.

You grunt, jaw clenching hard. One hand flies to your side. The ribs. Your knees weaken under the flare of pain. The fractures shift inside you like broken teeth grinding on every surface they meet.

Her face is inches from yours now. Crimson eyes locked downward, boring into you. Her grip tightens once more. She looks like she wants to shake you—make you see her. Not the monster. Not the tyrant. Her.

But you won't meet her gaze. Not because you refuse—but because you can't. Because what she's become terrifies you.

And she knows it.

She sees it in you. The flicker of fear. The way you shrink into the wall. The way you curl your hand against your ribs, trying to make yourself smaller.

Her jaw flexes. Her lip curls, then falls. Her voice, when it comes again, is quiet, but it bites:

“...Do I truly repulse you so deeply?”

She leans in. The scent of her presses in around you like a noose, as much as you despise it in this moment. As much as it hurts, as much as you want to cry, to run, to shout at her. You want to bury your face into her collar and just breathe, to take all of it in and remember what you used to have. But would granting her an answer absolve her of that pain?

“Am I so monstrous, then? So cruel, so hideous, that you cannot bear even the sight of me?”

You shake your head—small, panicked, not even words. But it doesn't matter. She doesn't believe it. Her hand trembles against your collar.

Her next breath is hot. Bitter.

“...Then why,” she says, voice like a cracked blade, “do you only ever look at me like this?” Her fingers tighten around your wrist—a tight vice, bloodbound strength incomparable to the meek resistance your body can provide. The splint beneath the bandages groans, shifting inwards until something snaps. The heat in your throat boils over, a strangled gasp escaping you like steam from a cracked pipe.

She doesn't even flinch at the sound.

“You think I don't see it?” she growls, her voice shredding the edges of restraint, tone almost manic. “That look. That pitiful, resentful horrible goddamn look?!”

Her face is inches from yours now. Her breath hits your cheek—it smells terrible, alcohol, vomit. Her red eyes shimmer faintly in the light bleeding through the stained-glass windows behind her. “Like I'm something unspeakable,” she spits. “Some malformed beast

crawling out from under the bed. Some... thing to be pitied or feared. Do you know how insulting that is?"

You try. You try to say something. To soothe her, somehow. Even as the ache in your wrist thunders through your whole body, even as your ribs scream from the contortion she's holding you in.

"...Sancho, please—"

"Please?" she repeats, lips copying you in mockery. "You beg so sweetly now, don't you?"

Her hand releases your wrist—but only to drag downward with purpose. You wince as it slides over your abdomen, then presses flat against the bruising near your side. Right where the swelling is worst. Where the bone feels tender. Where it hurts.

You cry out, softer this time. Weak. Just a thread of breath.

And she grimaces in disgust.

It's not wide, just the hollow twist of a mouth too used to hiding pain behind the architecture of control.

She presses harder.

"You flinch. You beg. And still, you stay," she whispers, voice hushed but filled with venom. "You hide behind those downcast eyes like I'm to be feared—but not so much you'd ever leave. Isn't that right?"

You bite your lip. Hard. Swallowing the sound your lungs want to make.

"What happened," she asks, suddenly—voice trembling, not with rage now, but something cracked and reeling, something aching, "to the way you used to look at me?"

You dare a glance up—but it's too fast. You see her eyes in that instant. Shining. Wet. Not just with bloodlust. With something more human. More hurt.

"Back when you first arrived," she goes on, her breath catching. "When you followed me from hall to hall like a little shadow. When you—clung to me. Like I was all you had. You remember that, don't you?"

You nod. Barely.

“I gave you warmth. I gave you food, a place. I let you stay. I let you share my bed. I—”

She cuts herself off with a scoff. Sharp. Like the memory stings. Like admitting it out loud wounds her pride.

Her voice hardens again, tone clipped with command.

“I am the one who holds this Family together, ” she hisses. “I see to the Barber’s tantrums. I listen to the Priest’s endless nonsense about divinity and salvation. I ration what little blood we have so that not a single member of this Family starves.”

She’s looking everywhere now, one hand still wrapped tight around your shirt. She turns her gaze downward, then back—and you know what’s coming before it even happens.

Her hand still siezing that broken wrist with terrifying force, lifts it up right in front of your eyes, and while staring you down twists it at an awkward angle.

Your scream is akin to a banshee.

There’s no stifling it. No hiding it. Your knees give immediately, but her grip holds you upright—no mercy, no kindness. She wants you to know, she wants you to feel exactly how she feels at this moment.

“And still, you look at me like I’m a monster.”

Your head droops forward. Your throat tightens like a noose. Tears sting in the corner of your eyes—not from the pain, but from the helplessness. The shame. The quiet hope that maybe—maybe—she wouldn’t do it this time. That it is your fault, for taking for granted the small kindness she had attempted to give you. That this hatred, this hurting, vile contempt, is of your own creation. That you could not be satisfied with things how they are.

She leans in again. Close. Her voice is nearly a whisper now, but there’s no tenderness in it.

“I clean every mess that excuse for a Father left behind,” she murmurs, low and dangerous. “I buried him. With my own hands. I ended him, for the good of the Family.”

Her face twists. Not with pride. Not even grief. With exhaustion.

“I became the thing he wouldn’t be,” she breathes. “I made the hard choices. I made the Family survive. I broke myself down, I bled. And for what?”

The grip on your wrist tightens until your knees fully give. She follows you down, keeping you pinned to the wall even as you sink.

“For you?”

“...Sancho,” you rasp, barely a whisper, “I’m sorry—”

“Then look at me when you say it!” she shrieks, loud enough to rattle the bottles lined along the far wall of the study, loud enough that your ears ring.

Her other hand seizes your jaw. Fingers dig into your cheeks, dragging your face up by force. Your neck arches. Your ribs groan. Your lips tremble.

Her face is right there. Inches from yours. Eyes wide and furious. And for just one horrible moment—one frozen, breathless instant—you see the truth.

That she does hate you.

Sancho takes a long breath through her nose.

Her jaw tightens as she exhales, eyes glinting. Redder. That familiar maroon sheen, glimmering behind her irises like coals burning wet and low in the dark. They swell. Color bleeding outward. Veins creeping in fractal red.

A hunger. A fury.

And you are beneath her. Pinned, cornered, diminished to something less. Just breath and trembling skin and blood pulsing fast under fragile flesh.

“You are nothing,” she breathes, soft as a lullaby. “Nothing but a pathetic, sniveling vermin.”

Each word drops like a pin into your spine.

“A pitiful blemish squatting in the shadow of my castle. A blemish I have tolerated out of nostalgia... of boredom... of some misplaced sentiment that I now deeply regret.”

Her gaze drips down your form, sharp as a blade.

“A worthless speck that serves naught but to relieve stress and clean messes,” she says, no effort spared in her disgust. “Scrubbing the bloodstains from the carpet like some obedient little insect. Do you think that earns you favor? That such acts absolve your cowardice?”

You can’t say anything. Your breath is locked shallow in your throat, chest rising in panicked hitches beneath her stare.

And you feel it again—that pressure. That presence. The iron weight of her casting a shadow so vast it might smother the sun.

“Is this what you call gratitude?” she hisses. “You cower. You kneel. You lick the wounds I gave you, and then hope that I will pet your head like some mongrel who’s learned its place?”

The disgust in her voice drips like rot.

“I should have turned you,” she murmurs suddenly, more to herself than to you. “At least then you would have had purpose. Thirst to be shared. To lessen our pain. To be of some kind of use.”

That strikes you harder than any blow.

You freeze.

Your head lifts before you can stop it—eyes meeting hers for the first time in what feels like hours. Your lips part, breath caught like ice on your tongue.

“Oh? That struck something, did it?” Her tone is honeyed now. Cruel. “The prospect offends you?”

You don’t answer. But the horror is plain on your face, and she drinks it in like wine.

She kneels slightly, crouching enough to bring her face within inches of yours, voice dropping into a whisper so low it brushes your ear like a cold wind through a mausoleum.

“But no...” she murmurs, “No. Even then, you would not possess the will to endure.”

Her breath is hot and bitter as it rolls across your cheek.

“You would scream,” she croons, “you would scream so beautifully, as

your veins tightened, your body turning traitor, your mind peeling itself from within. You'd claw at your throat, choking on thirst. You'd try to slit your own wrists and drink from them in the dark."

Your eyes flood. No sob escapes—but your body says enough. The shaking. The heat. The full-body tension like something seconds from breaking.

And still, she watches. Impassive. Clinical.

"You would crawl on your hands and knees," she says, voice now laced with open contempt, "begging me for just a taste, just a sip."

Your voice finally breaks out—quiet, pleading, fractured.

"I-I'm sorry..."

That's all you manage.

Just that.

"I love you..."

It's barely more than a whisper, barely more than breath, but she hears it.

And something in her eyes shudders.

But only for a moment.

She scoffs.

Then releases you entirely.

You collapse forward, bracing yourself weakly with your hands as you hit the floor. Every nerve sings in pain. Your ribs scream. Your wrist burns. But your terror outpaces it all.

Sancho straightens her coat with precision, brushing nonexistent dust from her sleeves. Her expression is calm now—too calm. That cold mask of hers rebuilt brick by brick, the flush of emotion beneath it sealed away behind stone.

She doesn't look at you when she speaks again. Her tone is flat, controlled.

"I suggest you reconsider your priorities."

She turns slowly, her heels clicking once against the blood-warmed floor.

“The castle has no need for a glorified maid.”

And with that—

She walks away.

Not in a rush.

Not in guilt.

Gone.

I t h u r t s

Chapter End Notes

Special thanks to nano and res

End Notes

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